

MAY No. 64

10c



BLACK HAWK

THE
INCREDIBLE
FLYING
SUBMARINES

FROM THE
UNDERWATER
KINGDOM
OF THE DEMON
MASSACAR





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK

It WAS INCREDIBLE! THEY HURTTLED OUT OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS LIKE A SPAWN OF THE DEVIL! AND THEN, WHEN THEIR EVIL WORK WAS DONE, THEY PLUNGED BACK INTO THE SEA, LEAVING BEHIND WRECKAGE AND LIFELESS MEN! THE BLACKHAWKS HAD TO INVADE A SINISTER UNDERWATER KINGDOM TO PIT THEIR BATTLE SKILL AND GREAT COURAGE AGAINST THAT MARINE MONSTER, MASSACAR, AND

The **FLYING**
SUBMARINES!



SOMEWHERE IN PACIFIC WATERS A FREIGHTER CARRYING WAR SUPPLIES IS SUDDENLY ROCKED BY A TORPEDO BLAST!



THERE'S A SUB-MARINE BELOW! RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES! BLOW IT OUT OF THE WATER!



BY THE GREAT DAVY JONES! THE SUBS ARE FLYING OUT OF THE WATER!



THEN A HARSH VOICE CRACKLES THROUGH AN AMPLIFIER FROM THE SUB!



LATER, AS THE SUBMARINE CREW TRANSFERS VALUABLE SUPPLIES, THEIR STONE FACED LEADER MAKES HIS APPEARANCE!



YOU WANTED TO KNOW MY NAME, CAPTAIN? IT IS MASSACAR!

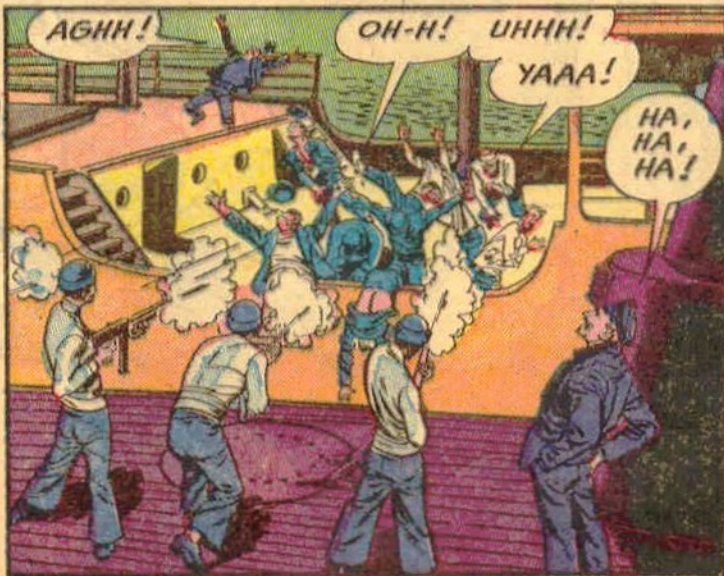


AGHH!

OH-H! UHHH!

YAAA!

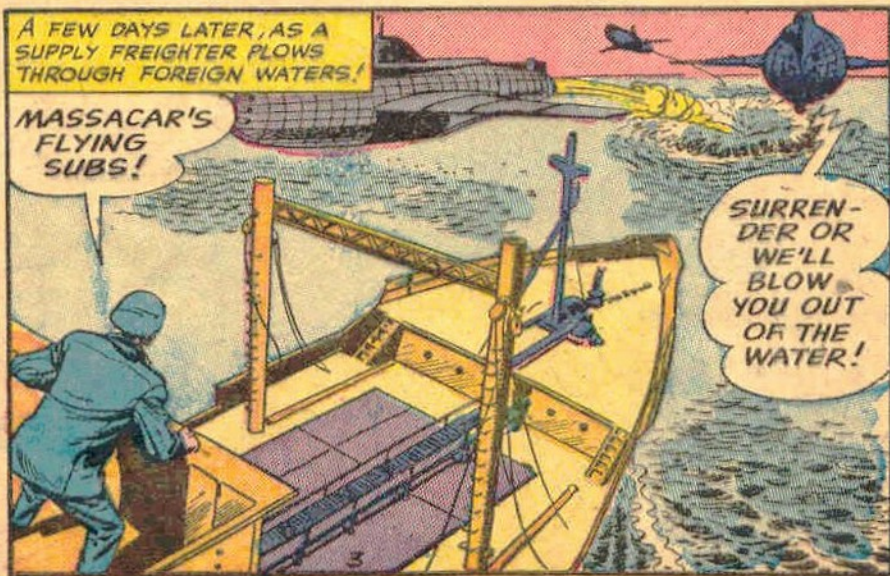
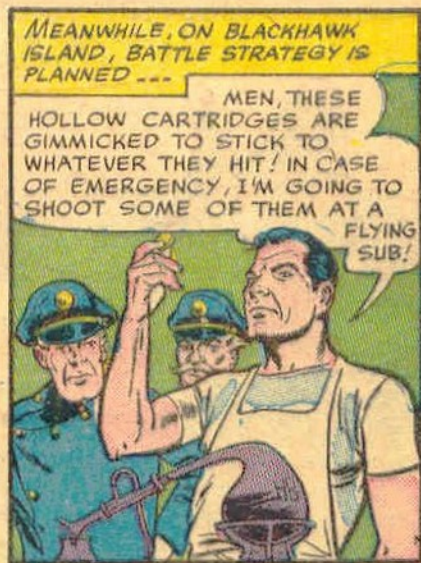
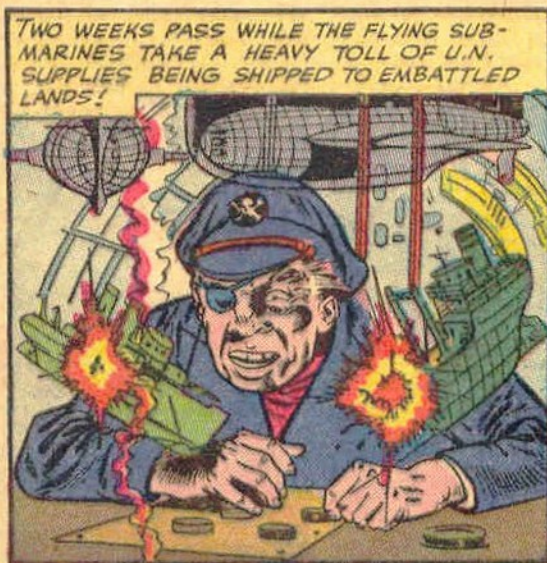
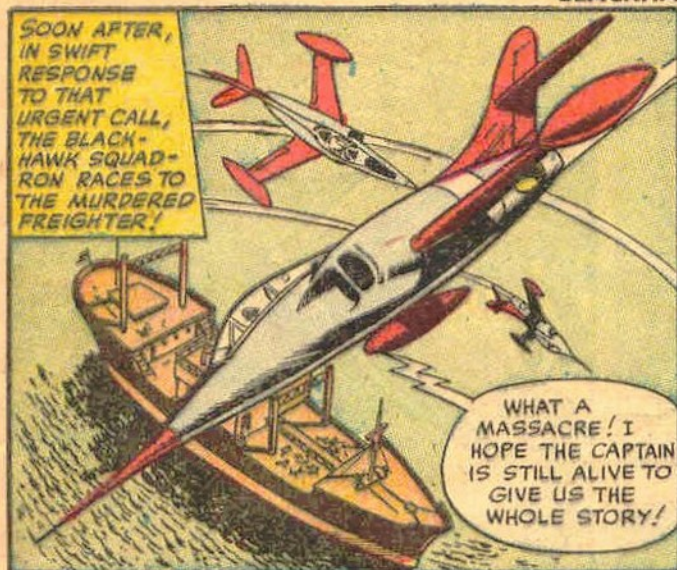
HA, HA, HA!



GOT TO GET TO RADIO ROOM --- CALL THE BLACK-HAWKS! THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

AS THE RAIDERS BOARD THE FREIGHTER, SUDDENLY FALSE PARTITIONS FALL AWAY TO REVEAL...

THE
BLACKHAWKS!

HAWKAA!

THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US, YOU FOOLS! BACK TO THE SUBMARINES! HURRY!

UP AND AT 'EM, MEN! DON'T LET THOSE KILLERS GET AWAY!

JATO ASSIST HURTTLES THE BLACK-HAWK JETS FROM THE DECK OF THE FREIGHTER!

ATTENTION, MEN! THEY'VE SUBMERGED, BUT I SCORED A HIT WITH ONE OF THE DYE CARTRIDGES! WE'LL SPLIT UP SO WE CAN COVER A GREATER TERRITORY! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THAT YELLOW SPOT!

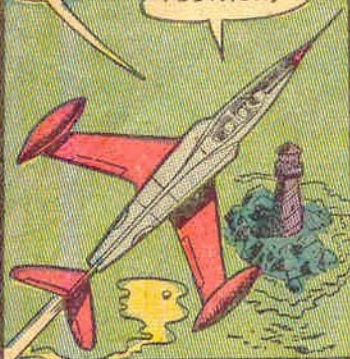
PARBLEU! ZE ARMOR IS TOO THICK! OUR BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT!

BLACKHAWK

THE HUNT SEEMS HOPELESS WHEN SUDDENLY CHOP CHOP SIGHTS THE YELLOW MARKER!

LOOKEE! CLOSE BY LIGHTHOUSE!

THAT'S IT! I'LL CALL THE OTHERS AND LET THEM KNOW OUR POSITION!



BUT BEFORE BLACKHAWK CAN RELAY HIS MESSAGE, AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE PLANE!

GREAT SCOTT! WE'VE BEEN HIT! THERE'S AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN HIDDEN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE TOWER!



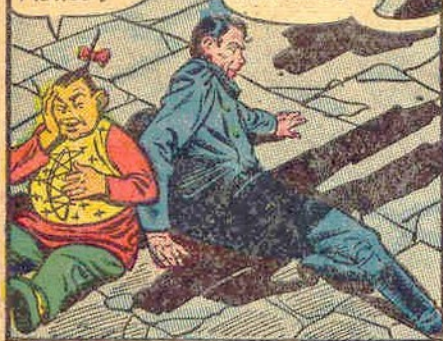
LIKE A BROKEN BIRD, THE STRICKEN PLANE PLUMMETS DOWN TO THE HUNGRY WATERS!



LATER, WHEN THE UNCONSCIOUS BLACKHAWK AND CHOP CHOP AWAKEN!

GOLLIES! WE STILL LIVING! ME THOUGHT ME FOOD FOR FISHES!

YOU WILL BE UNLESS YOU GET ON YOUR FEET IN A HURRY! MASSACAR DOESN'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING!



WELCOME TO MY UNDER-GROUND KINGDOM ...THE LOST ISLAND OF ATLANTIS!



ATLANTIS! SO IT REALLY DID EXIST AFTER ALL!

YES...UNLESS AN EARTH-QUAKE SUNK THE ISLAND! I FOUND IT, AND MADE IT MY HEADQUARTERS AFTER FIRST ERECTING A GLASSOID DOME OVER IT! A FITTING KINGDOM FOR ME!



NATURALLY, MUCH OF THE ISLAND IS STILL UNDER MUD, SO I NEED SLAVE LABORERS TO EXCAVATE THE RUINS! YOU AND YOUR CHINESE FRIEND WERE RESCUED FROM DROWNING FOR THAT PURPOSE!

WE'RE NOT WORKING FOR YOU, YOU ROTTEN SEA SNAKE!



BLACKHAWK



YOU'VE HAD FUN! NOW TRY MY BRAND OF HUMOR!



STOP, BLACKHAWK! UNLESS YOU SURRENDER I'LL PIN YOUR FRIEND RIGHT TO THE GROUND!

NO, BLACKHAWK! YOU KEEP LUNNING! NO MIND ME! CHOP CHOP'S LIFE NOT VELLY IMPORTANT!



YOU'RE AS IMPORTANT AS ANY OF THE BLACK-HAWKS, CHOP CHOP! OKAY, MASSACAR, YOU TAKE IT FROM HERE!

I SHALL BE THINKING OF WAYS TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR YOUR AUDACITY, BLACKHAWK! TAKE THEM AWAY!

LATER, ON THE FLOOR OF THE SEA, THE TWO BLACK-HAWKS JOIN A CHAIN GANG EXCAVATING THE RUNS OF A LOST CONTINENT!



IF THEY HADN'T REMOVED OUR BELT RADIOS WE COULD CALL THE OTHER BLACKHAWKS!

MAYBE THEY FIND YELLOW SPOT, TOO, AND COME FOR US?

BUT NIGHT SHADOWS ARE FALLING FAST, DARKENING THE SURFACE OF THE SEA ---

WE'LL HAVE TO REFUEL AT BLACK-HAWK ISLAND AND THEN RETURN! WE MUSTN'T GIVE UP THE SEARCH FOR BLACK-HAWK AND CHOP CHOP!



NIGHT! THE CHAIN GANG IS FINALLY GIVEN REST ABOUT THEIR CAMP FIRES, BUT BLACKHAWK WORKS ON A PRIVATE PROJECT!

WHY PUT WET MUD BETWEEN ANKLES AND IRON SHACKLE?

BECAUSE WHEN I PUT MY LEG IN THE FIRE, THE WET MUD WILL INSULATE MY LEG AGAINST THE HEAT, BUT LEAVE THE SHACKLE EXPOSED SO IT CAN GET RED HOT!



ONCE THE SHACKLE SOFTENS UP I'LL POUND IT WITH A SHARP ROCK UNTIL IT BENDS ENOUGH OR SIMPLY CRACKS OPEN!

GOLLIES, BLACKHAWK... YOU GOTTEE BRAINS AND GUTS ENOUGH FORTEN PEOPLE!



BLACKHAWK

SOME-
TIME
LATER,
TWO
SENTRIES
ARE
QUICKLY
SILENCED
BY
THE
ONCE-
SHACKLED
BLACK-
HAWKS!

OKAY, CHOP CHOP! NOW
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS
GOLDFISH BOWL!



WHAT DO
WE DO NOW?

SEE THAT PEAK? IT SEEMS
TO GO UP AND BEYOND
THE GLASS
DOME! LET'S
CLIMB IT AND
SEE WHERE
IT
LEADS!



SOON...

LOOKEE!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY GET VENTI-
LATION TO THE DOME! THE AIR COMES
DOWN THROUGH THE LIGHTHOUSE,
JUST LIKE A PIPELINE! PRETTY
CLEVER!



SWIFTLY, THE TWO BLACKHAWKS SPRINT UP THE
CURVING LIGHTHOUSE STAIRS TO THE TOWER...

GOLLIES! NOW
HOW WE GETTEE
FROM MY
WORD TO OTHER
BLACKHAWKS?

LET ME TEAR THIS "BLACK-
HAWK" EMBLEM FROM MY
UNIFORM AND I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW!

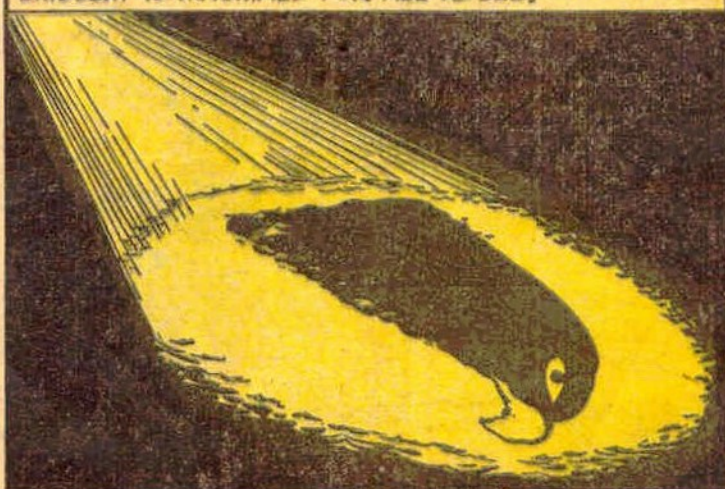


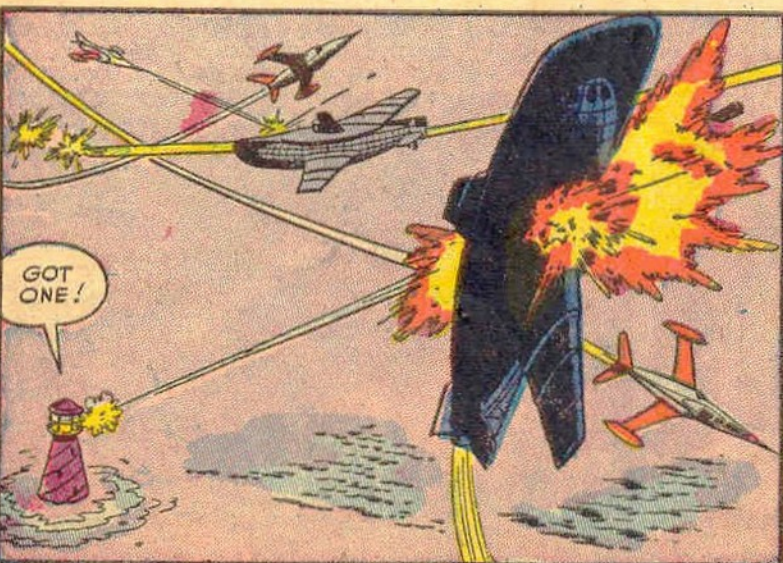
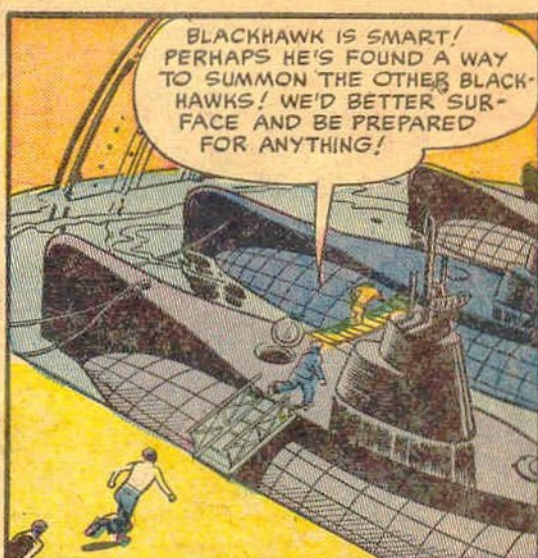
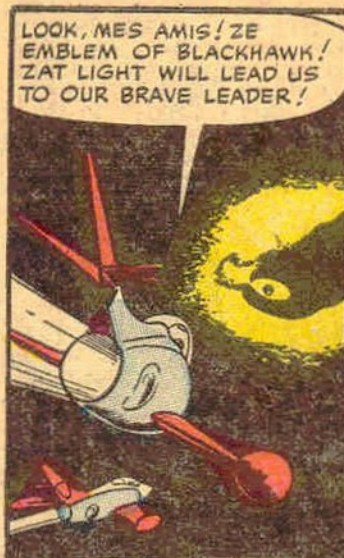
THE QUICK-WITTED AIR ACE GLUES HIS
EMBLEM TO THE LIGHT MAGNIFIER AND...

NOW, CHOP CHOP,
WATCH WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
I TURN ON
THE LIGHT!



AND THEN, FLASHED AGAINST THE CURTAIN OF THE BLACK
WATERS, THE SILHOUETTE OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS
EMBLEM IS MAGNIFIED FOR ALL TO SEE!

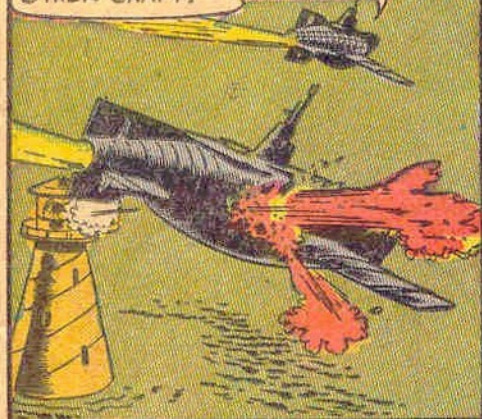




BLACKHAWK

BUT AS THE STRAFING SUB HURTLES PAST, BLACKHAWK SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAN THE GUN AGAIN AND...

SIR, THEY'VE KNOCKED OUT OUR OTHER CRAFT!



SUBMERGE, YOU FOOL! SUBMERGE SO I CAN THINK UP SOME NEW STRATEGY!

AYE-AYE, SIR!



HOOLAY FOR BLACKHAWKS!

BLACKHAWK! CHOP CHOP! BUT I AM INDEED HAPPY YOU ARE STILL ALIVE!



ACTING ON BLACK-HAWK'S INSTRUCTIONS, HIS SQUADRON ASCEND BY A ROPE LADDER HOOKED TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE RAIL!



MAKE IT FAST, MEN!

ACH! PUFF-PUFF! DIS ISS NOT DER KIND OF ATHLETICS FOR A MAN WITH A FORTY-SIX INCH VAISTLINE!

NOW, MEN, FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GOING TO CLIP THE WINGS FROM SOME FLYING FISH!



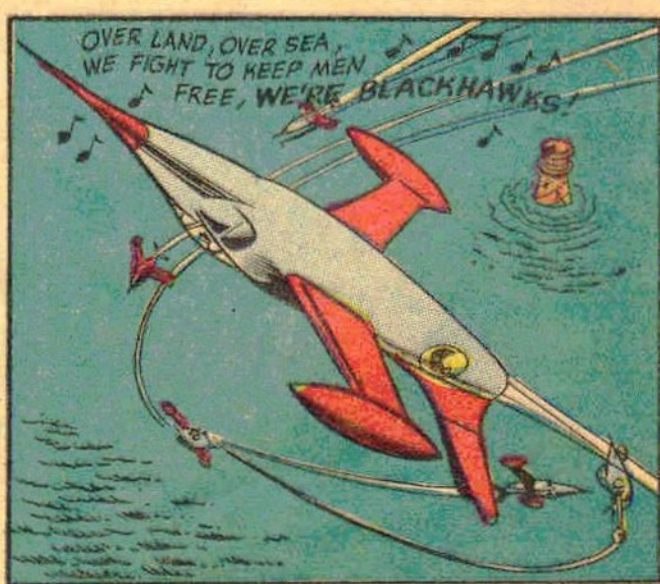
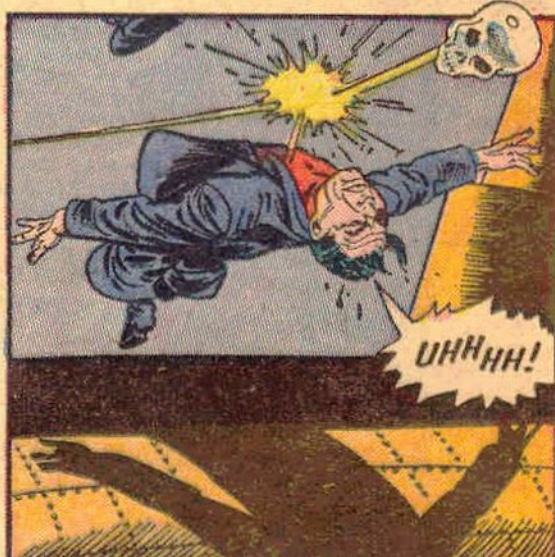
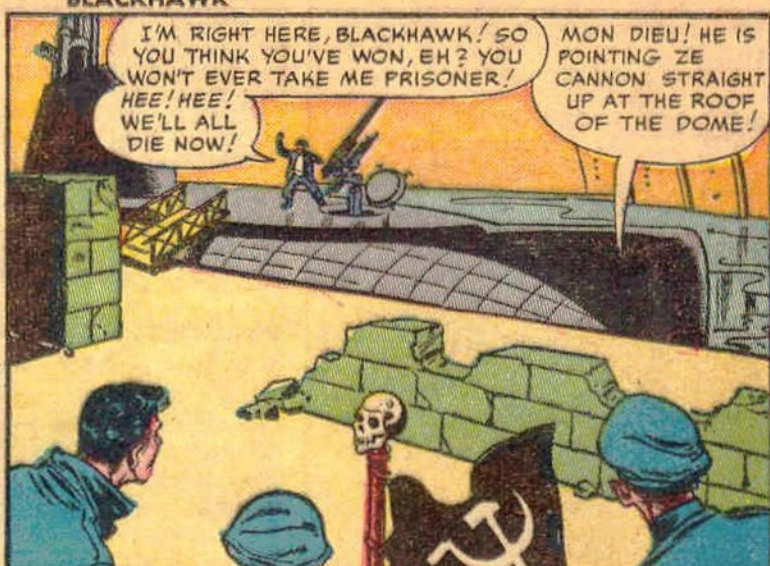
HAWKAAA!



OKAY, YOU WATER RATS... WE'RE FROM THE EXTERMINATING COMPANY!



BLACKHAWK



MUSICAL
WHIRLING

ANGEL CHIMES

only
\$1.98

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.



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1927 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

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Check how many:
☐ 1 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$1.98 ☐ 2 ANGEL CHIMES @ \$3.99

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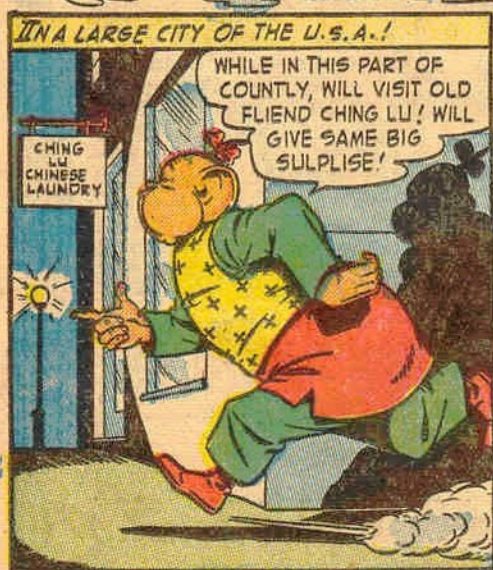
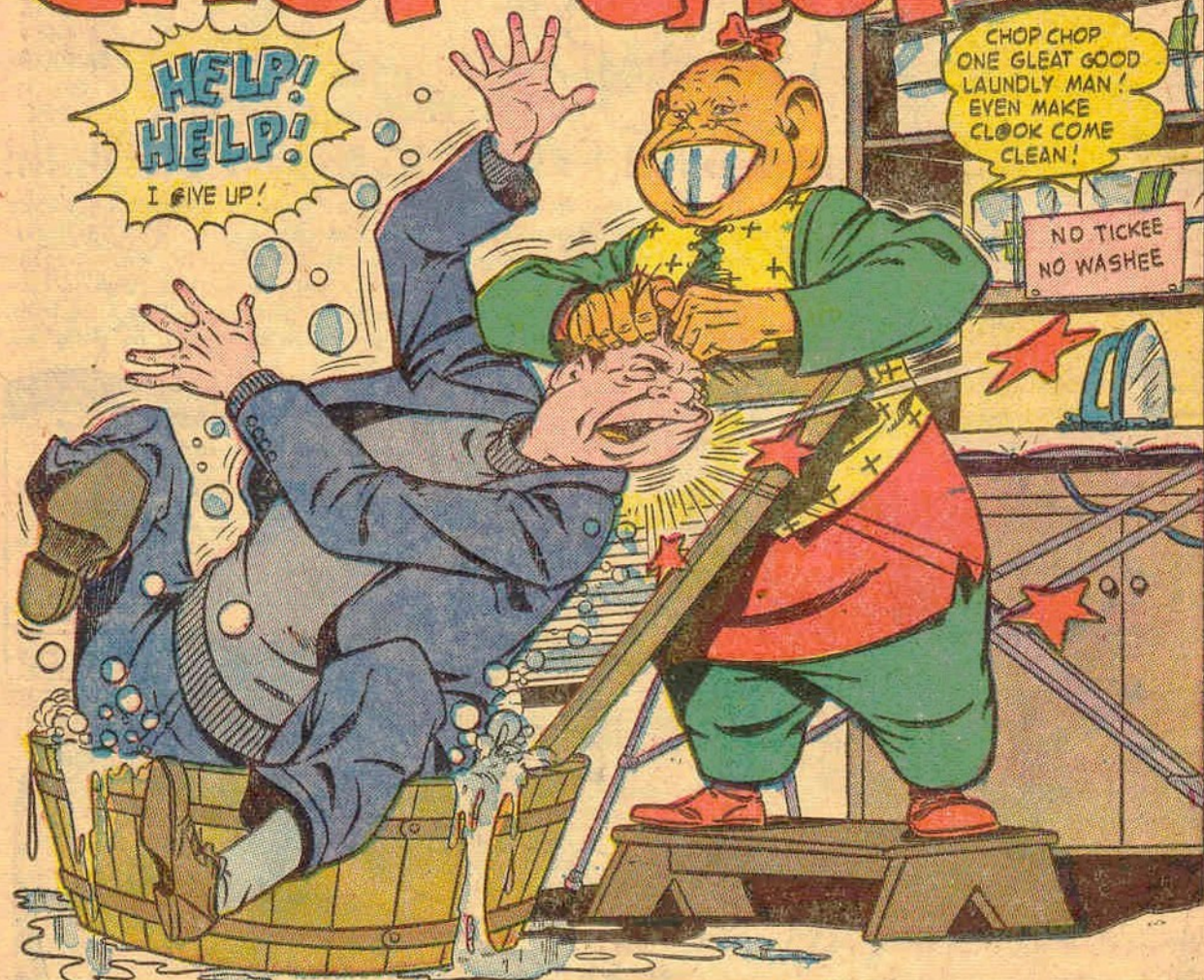
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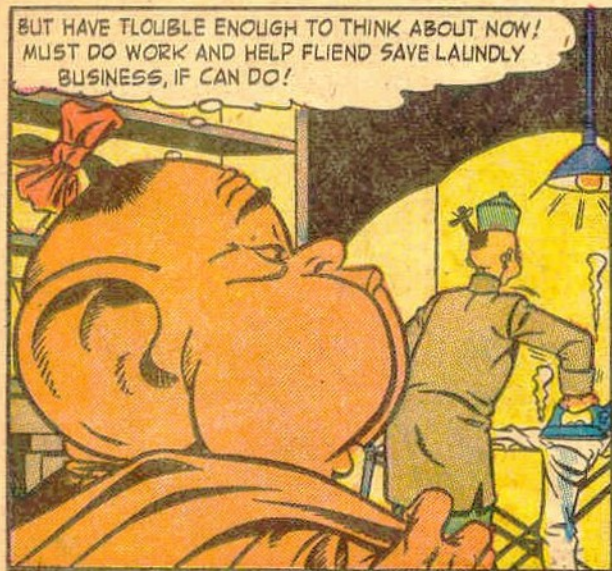
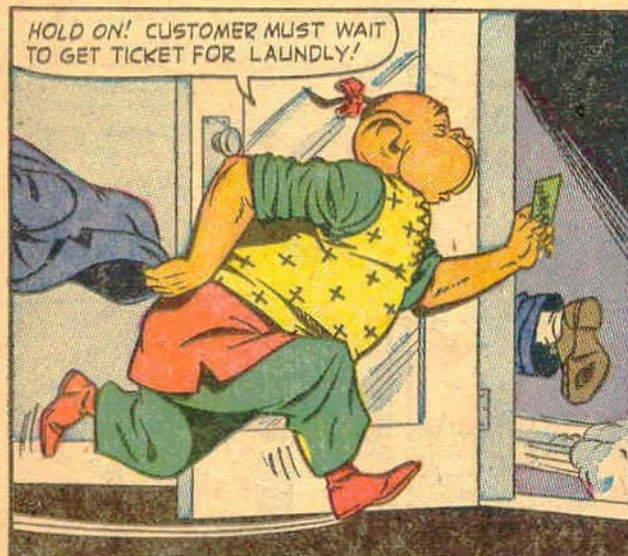
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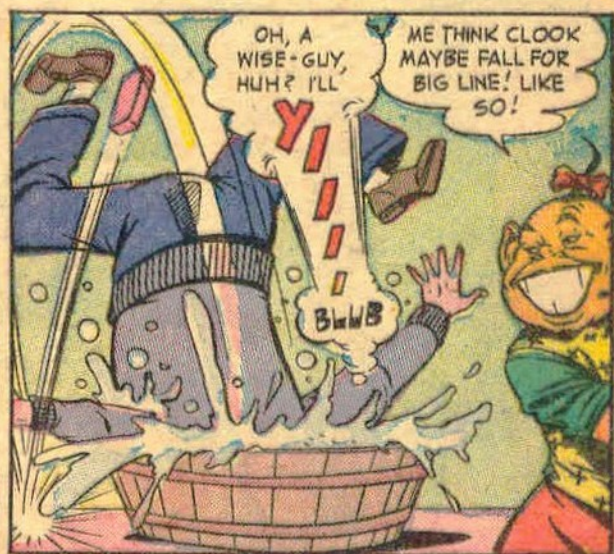
BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP





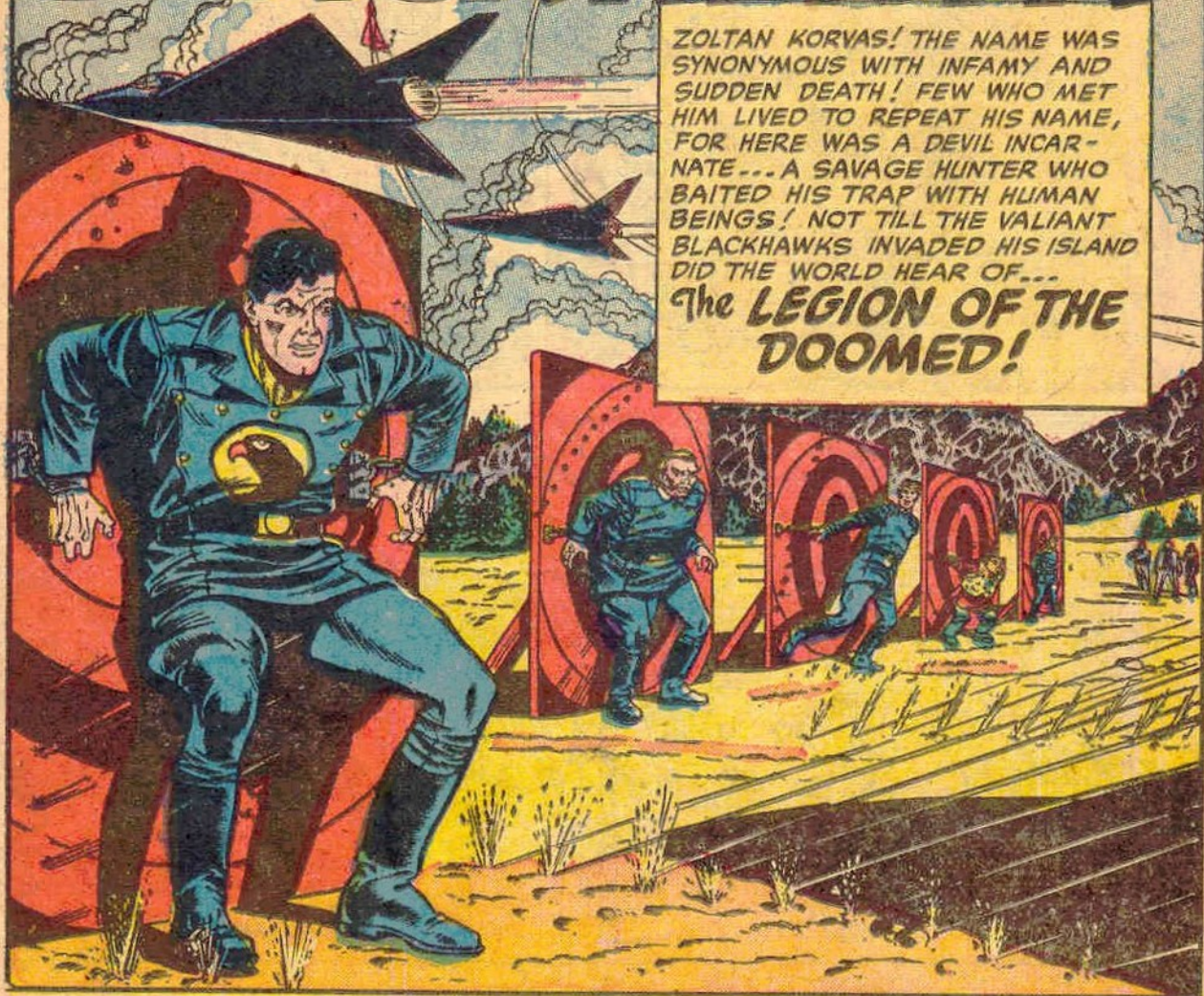




BLACKHAWK

ZOLTAN KORVAS! THE NAME WAS SYNONYMOUS WITH INFAMY AND SUDDEN DEATH! FEW WHO MET HIM LIVED TO REPEAT HIS NAME, FOR HERE WAS A DEVIL INCARNATE... A SAVAGE HUNTER WHO BAITED HIS TRAP WITH HUMAN BEINGS! NOT TILL THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS INVADED HIS ISLAND DID THE WORLD HEAR OF...

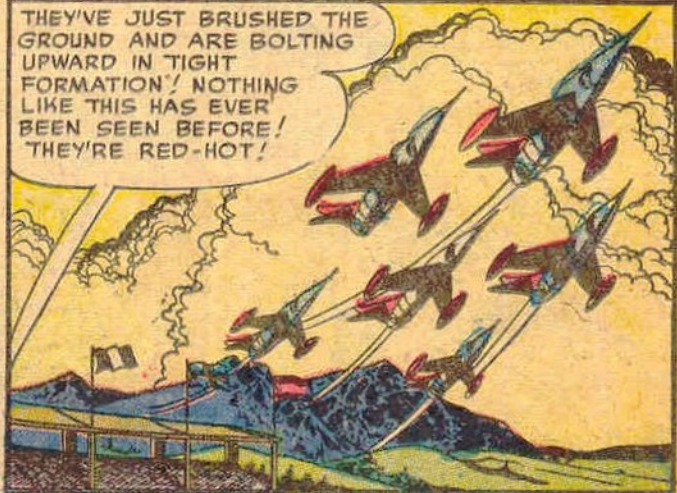
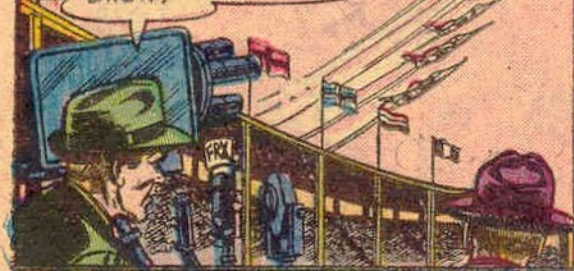
The LEGION OF THE DOOMED!



IN THE PRESS AND RADIO BOX AT THE INTERNATIONAL AIR OLYMPICS IN CANNES, FRANCE...

THIS, FOLKS, IS INCREDIBLE! THE BLACKHAWK SQUADRON IS MAKING JET HISTORY HERE TODAY! YOU PEOPLE WITH TV SETS CAN SEE, BUT FOR RADIO LISTENERS I WILL TRY TO DESCRIBE THE SHOW!

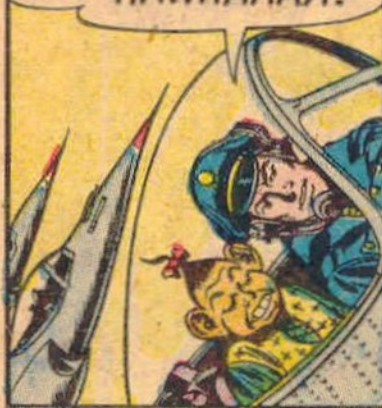
THEY'VE JUST BRUSHED THE GROUND AND ARE BOLTING UPWARD IN TIGHT FORMATION! NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE! THEY'RE RED-HOT!



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK SQUADRON FROM LEADER! LET'S DUST THE FIELD, BOYS! AN OUTSIDE LOOP AND SKIM THE STANDS ON OUR BACKS! MAKE IT TIGHT! **HAWKAAAA!**

THE SQUADRON FLIPS OVER LIKE A SCHOOL OF SLASHING PORPOISES AND ROARS DOWN WITH EXQUISITE PRECISION...



NOM DE CHIEN! THEES BLACKHAWKS ZEY ARE EITHER CRAZY OR HAVE NO NERVES...OR PERHAPS BOTH!

MILES AWAY, ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND SOUTH OF SPAIN, OTHER EYES WATCH THE SHOW WITH SULLEN ADMIRATION!

NOT BAD, EH, DESIRA? WE HAVE SEEN THE BEST, BUT THESE BLACKHAWKS ARE THE CREAM...THE WORLD'S FINEST JET ACES!

YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD THEM TO YOUR COLLECTION, ZOLTAN? YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF A MAN WHO HAS STUMBLER ACROSS A RARE REMBRANDT!



I KNOW YOU WELL, ZOLTAN! A TRIP TO CANNES IS IN THE OFFING!

YES, OUR SUPPLY OF TARGETS IS RUNNING LOW! LEAVE AT ONCE, DESIRA, AND DON'T RETURN WITHOUT THE TARGETS! USE ANY METHODS YOU CHOOSE... BUT BRING THEM BACK... ALIVE!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, IN CANNES...

BY YIMMINY, DIS BAN THE LIFE, HAH? WE BAN SEE THE SIGHTS OF CANNES, TONIGHT!

AS ANDRE ALLEE TIME SAY...OO LA LA! MAYBE IT NOT GAY PAREE, BUT COMES PLETTY CLOSE!



I HATE TO MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, BOYS, BUT DON'T FORGET OUR PRIMARY REASON FOR BEING HERE IS TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE DOZENS OF FAMOUS JET ACES WHO DISAPPEARED FROM CANNES!

DO NOT WORRY, BLACKHAWK! VE KEEP OUR EYES UND EERS PEELED!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

AN ETERNITY OF DEEP BLACKNESS, AND THE CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO BLACKHAWK AND ANDRE!

OH, MY HEAD! WHERE AM I? I R-REMEMBER!

RISE AND SHINE, MY FRIENDS! WELCOME TO SPHYNX ISLAND, LAND OF ETERNAL SILENCE! TRY NOT TO REMEMBER... ONLY TO FORGET!

DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH, HANDSOME ONE!

Y-YOU! THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP! ONE LOOK AT YOU TWO VENOMOUS SNAKES AND THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING FLIERS BEGINS TO UNFOLD!

WHAT'S THE DEAL, BALDY? WHERE DO YOU TWO FIT INTO THE SCHEME OF THINGS?

INSULTS WILL GAIN YOU NOTHING, BLACKHAWK! STEP TO THE WINDOW AND I'LL EXPLAIN THE DEAL, AS YOU CALL IT!

THAT'S THE DEAL! TWO FAMOUS ACES ARE PILOTING THOSE RED JETS! THE BLACK JETS ARE MANNED BY MY OWN MEN! IT IS A GAME OF HOUNDS AND HARES! THE HOUNDS ARE ALWAYS VICTORIOUS, HOWEVER!

AND NATURALLY, THE HOUNDS ARE YOUR OWN MEN! SEEMS TO ME THE BOYS IN THE RED PLANES ARE BETTER PILOTS!

YES, THE MEN IN THE RED PLANES ARE BETTER PILOTS! THEY HAVE TO BE! THEIR GUNS ARE EMPTY, YOU SEE! THEY ARE THE LEGION OF THE DOOMED!

SACRE BLEU! THAT'S SHEER MURDER!

AND I PRESUME THE RED PLANES ARE PILOTED BY KIDNAPPED FLIERS... LIKE US!

PRECISELY, BLACKHAWK! YOU SEE, I TRAIN KILLER SQUADRONS HERE ON LIVING TARGETS! THERE IS A HUGE MARKET FOR MY MEN IN THESE TROUBLED DAYS! IT IS A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS!

YOU DIRTY, MURDERING SWINE! YOU WON'T BAIT YOUR TRAPS WITH US!

PARBLEU! WOMAN OR NOT, I WILL NOT PERMIT THOSE FANGS TO DRIP ANY MORE POISON!

BLACKHAWK



COMME ÇA! OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU ARE SURE TO FIND A FOOT EEN EET!



ONE MOVE AND YOU ARE DEAD, YOU DEVIL!

IF THEY FIGHT THIS WAY IN THE AIR, OUR MEN WILL HAVE FINE PRACTICE!



LATER, IN A SWELTERING 'DUNGEON...

OH HH, MY HEAD FEELS LIKE THE LIBERTY BELL WHEN IT GOT CRACKED! WE FELL INTO A FINE MESS, EH, ANDRE?

C'EST LA GUERRE, MON AMI! WE HAVE BEEN EEN OTHERS... BUT I ADMIT THEES ONE EES BAD! SHOULD WE CONTACT ZE SQUADRON WEETH OUR BELT RADIOS?

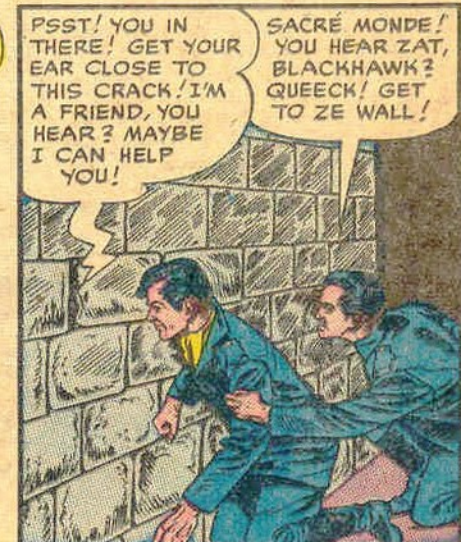


BLACKHAWK TO SQUADRON... BLACKHAWK TO SQUADRON! MAYDAY... MAYDAY! TAKE A FIX ON THIS POSITION! WILL REPEAT CALL AT DIFFERENT INTERVALS! FIX THIS POSITION AND COME IN SLOW AND CAUTIOUS! DANGER! OVER!



DO YOU THEENK THEY HAVE HEAR ZE CALL?

THEY'LL HEAR IT EVENTUALLY! SOON AS THEY FIND US MISSING THEY'LL KEEP TUNED! I'LL GIVE THEM THE LAYOUT HERE LATER!



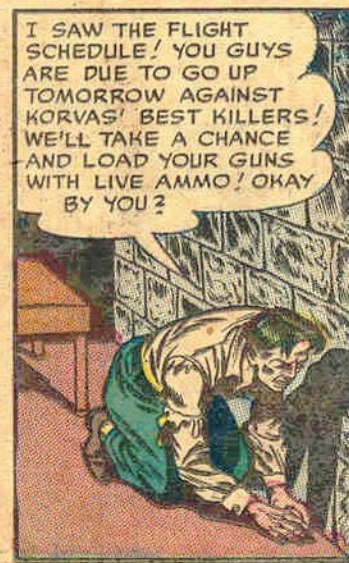
PSST! YOU IN THERE! GET YOUR EAR CLOSE TO THIS CRACK! I'M A FRIEND, YOU HEAR? MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

SACRÉ MONDE! YOU HEAR ZAT, BLACKHAWK? QUEECK! GET TO ZE WALL!



I'M A MECHANIC... CAPTURED LIKE YOURSELF! THE WHOLE PLACE IS BUZZING WITH YOUR NAMES! WE CAN HELP YOU AND YOU CAN HELP US! FOR GOODNESS SAKES, LISTEN CLOSE!

GO AHEAD! WE'RE LISTENING!



I SAW THE FLIGHT SCHEDULE! YOU GUYS ARE DUE TO GO UP TOMORROW AGAINST KORVAS' BEST KILLERS! WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND LOAD YOUR GUNS WITH LIVE AMMO! OKAY BY YOU?



YES, BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHY DIDN'T YOU LOAD SOME OF THOSE OTHER POOR GUYS UP WITH AMMO?

BLACKHAWK

COULDN'T DO IT! WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW GOOD THEY WERE! IF THEY FELL DOWN ON US KORVAS WOULD KILL US ALL! BUT WE KNOW ABOUT YOU BLACK-HAWKS!



THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT! LOAD US UP! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WELL, HAPPY LANDINGS, BOYS! I HOPE YOU'LL SURVIVE YOUR FIRST TURN AS TARGETS! DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE! YOU HAVE JUST ENOUGH FUEL FOR THIS PURPOSE AND NONE OTHER!



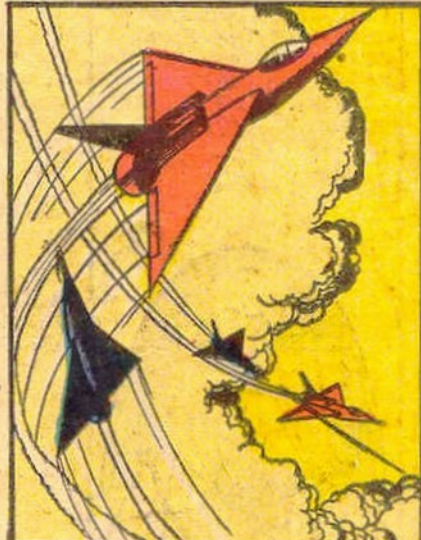
BLACKHAWKS DON'T RUN FROM A FIGHT, EVEN WHEN THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST THEM! WE'LL BE BACK, BUTCHER!



THE JETS TAKE OFF AND CLIMB LIKE COMETS TO REACH FIGHTING ALTITUDE, AND THEN THEY BEGIN JOCKEYING FOR POSITION...



THE DEATH BATTLE BEGINS IN EARNEST AS THE PLANES ROCKET, LUNGE, TWIST AND DANCE LIKE WHIRLING DERVISHES FROM DIZZY HEIGHTS TO GROUND LEVEL AT SUPER-SONIC SPEED!



OKAY, ANDRE! THE HOUNDS HAVE CHASED US LONG ENOUGH! ATTACK!



LIKE STREAKS OF GREASED LIGHTNING THE TWO RED JETS SWIRL SUDDENLY AND TAKE THE OFFENSIVE...

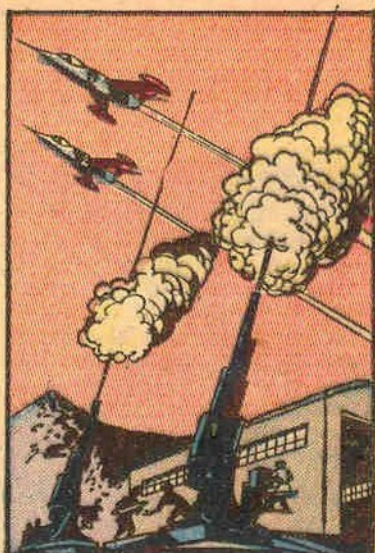
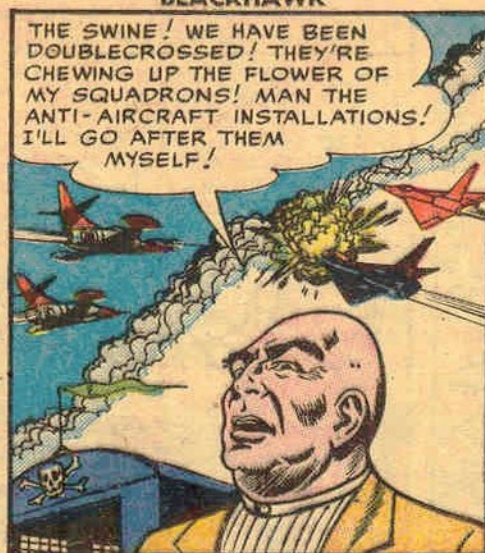
HAWKAA-AA!



HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELLS RIP, GRIND, SMASH AND CHEW INTO STEEL AND FLESH EVEN AS MORE KILLERS RISE FROM THE FIELD BELOW!



BLACKHAWK



A SCREAMING LOOP AND THE HUNTER BECOMES THE QUARRY, UNABLE TO SHAKE DEATH FROM HIS TAIL! A BRIEF SECOND IN THE SIGHTS, AND THEN...



TOP SECRET

LEE MCCARTHY was a week-end geologist. He was a quiet little guy who liked to pack up his car and drive off into the lonely mountains, pitch a tent and spend two days roaming through the towering peaks, looking for rock formations. The ever-present hope of a gold strike or an uranium deposit lurked in his mind, but Lee was a dreamer and so when he explained his hopes to the boys at the local Geologists' Club, he got a big laugh and a pat on the back. Nobody ever took Lee seriously.

Lee took himself seriously, however, and when he stumbled into that sky-high area that set his Geiger counter to clicking like a trio of castanets, he began digging and chopping at the rocky earth in a surge of excitement. Lee spent the entire afternoon at his work and that night, he was too exhausted to return to his camp. He wandered to a spot where the Geiger counter calmed down to a normal pace and collapsed in a deep sleep beside his fire. He had meant to wake automatically, as he usually did, to rekindle the fire. Mountain lions were not uncommon in that rugged territory, but about midnight, he was shaken from his slumber in a frenzy of fear. And before he could utter more than, "What's going on?" he was knocked unconscious by a brutal blow to the back of the head.

Groggily, Lee swam out of his haze. When he was able to focus, he peered quietly around the cavernous room. It was hewn out of rock and sparsely furnished. Near the desk, one of the furnishings moved, Lee watched the little man approach him curiously. "You stumbled and had a bad fall, Mr. McCarthy," he said in a quiet voice, "You've fallen a long way down, I'm afraid you'll never climb up again." And he chuckled without humor. Behind him, the door opened and he turned to greet two visitors. Lee, struck with terror at the possible meaning of his words, tried to get up. He realized that he was tied, hand and foot. The little man spoke without turning back to him. "You're tied securely, Mr. McCarthy," he said. "Don't entertain any thought of escape." Lee sank back, resignedly. The visitors paid him no heed, their business was with the little man, who was Professor Pranov. And the business they discussed froze Lee to the core. They were important citizens talking to a representative of an aggressor nation. This was a mountain storehouse for radioactive explosives to be used in an attack on the country from within. The plan was to go into action within a few hours. The bombs would go out to specified parts of the country to be set off simultaneously.

When the visitors left, Professor Pranov turned to Lee. "You see, it wouldn't do you any good if we released you. By the time you reached home, the country would be devastated, that is," he paused significantly, "if you reached home." And then he went on, explaining the complexities

of his plan, and the end results. He walked over to a small control board on the wall and reached up towards a lever. "I'll pull this handle in a few hours, just before I leave. It's a timing device that will later blow up our underground hideaway. By then the bomb shipments will be out and there will be no further need for this place.

By this time, Pranov was carried away by his own words. He stopped at the foot of Lee's cot, his eyes on the ceiling as he prophesied his country's conquest of the world. Lee didn't hesitate, he drew his knees up and catapulted into the air, hitting the Professor a mighty blow in the chest with his feet and sending him smashing against the rock wall, out cold. He rolled off the cot and wriggled his way to the desk. After intricate maneuverings, he got a drawer opened. His belongings lay there, the sheath knife on the top. It took time to brace it to cut his wrist bindings. Lee then tied and gagged the Professor and donned his white laboratory coat. They were, Lee mused, about the same size, and though the Professor's thick glasses almost blinded him, he put them on and ruffled up his hair in an effort to look like the world conqueror. A quick study of the control panel was all he needed. He set the timing device for a scant hour. And then tried to look calm as he left the room. A guard patrolled the end of the corridor. He didn't give Lee a second glance. Lee walked, as Pranov had, his hands behind his back, moving slowly. It seemed like hours until he located the elevator, though it was actually a matter of minutes. The sleepy guard at the exit became the victim of a sharp blow on the head. Lee did this with relish.

At the top, Lee jammed the elevator door open with a large rock, it would delay escape, in case the Professor was discovered. Lee's watch told him he had forty minutes. Only forty minutes between Lee McCarthy and eternity. He ran, the high altitude biting at his lungs. The cold moon lit his way as he ran . . . ran . . . ran. When there was one minute to go, Lee was panting in the middle of a flat plateau. He remembered the spot, no cover anywhere nearby. He fell to the ground, and covered his head with his arms. The world-shattering explosion came off on time. Then the land slides began. Lee struggled to his feet and ran on through the hail of rock that pelted all about him. Behind him rose the mushroom cloud.

They found Lee McCarthy exhausted and lost, four days later. He was miles from the scene of the explosion that was felt around the world. His friends at the Geologists' Club laughed at Lee's story, as they had always done. But he got through to the right people in the capital and then suddenly stopped talking about his last geology trip. It had become TOP SECRET.

BLACKHAWK

BEGONE FROM MY DOMAIN! I
AM THE GHOST OF BLACKHAWK
ISLAND!

MON DIEU! ZE
BULLETS DO NOT
TAKE EFFECT! IT
WOULD APPEAR IT
IS REALLY A
GHOST!



BLACKHAWK ISLAND WAS HAUNTED!

THE ISLAND HEADQUARTERS OF THE FAMED
FIGHTER SQUADRON IS VISITED BY A GRUESOME
PHANTOM WHO CLAIMS THE LAND AS HIS OWN!
AND WHEN THE BLACKHAWKS REFUSE TO
LEAVE, THE GHOST PUTS A CURSE ON THEM!
CERTAINLY THE BLACKHAWKS NEVER
FOUGHT A MORE FANTASTIC BATTLE THAN
WITH THE EERIE NIGHT-THING WHO CALLED
HIMSELF...

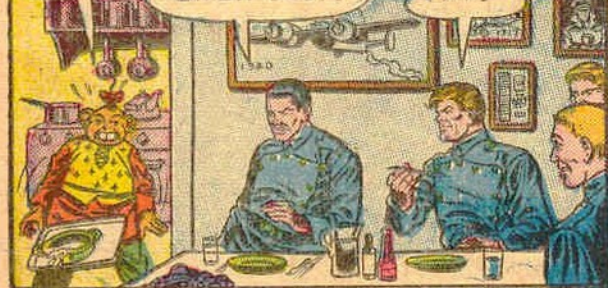
THE GHOST OF BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

ONE NIGHT AS THE CELEBRATED AIR ACES
SIT DOWN TO DINNER ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND!
SUDDENLY...

YIIII!

OH! HE HAS
DROPPED ZE
MAGNIFICENT
ONION SOUP!

HEY, CHOP
CHOP! WHAT'RE
YOU GAWKING
AT?



LOOKIE!

GREAT
SCOTT!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



STOP! SO, YOU ARE NOT CONVINCED I AM A GHOST! THEN I'LL FORCE YOU TO BELIEVE! SHOOT AT ME OR I WILL THROW THIS HAND GRENADE!

BLACKHAWK! HE LEAVES US NO CHOICE!



BUT FIRST I INSPECT MY GUN TO MAKE SURE YOU DID NOT EXCHANGE ZE BULLETS WITH BLANKS! NO...ZEY ARE REAL BULLETS!

THE GUN ROARS SIX TIMES... AND SIX STEEL JACKETED BULLETS HIT THEIR TARGET DEAD CENTER!



BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



YUMPIN' YIMINY! HE IS STILL STANDING!

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES THAT HAND GRENADE! HIT THE DIRT!



BA-ROOM!



And WHEN THE EXPLOSION DUST CLEARS...

HEY, BLACKHAWK... THE SPOOK IS GONE AGAIN!.

COME ON, MEN... I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT WHERE HE WAS STANDING!



GREAT SCOTT! SIX FLATTENED SLUGS! AND SIX FRESH GOUGES IN THE WALL... CHEST HIGH!

THOSE SLUGS HAD TO GO THROUGH THE GUY'S BODY TO MAKE THOSE GOUGES! BLACKHAWK, THAT GUY REALLY MUST BE A GHOST!

BLACKHAWK

A GHOST! IT'S INCREDIBLE! BUT HOW CAN WE DOUBT IT AFTER WHAT WE SAW WITH OUR OWN EYES?

STANISLAUS, I STILL THINK WE'VE BEEN HOAXED! IT'S SOME KIND OF TRICK TO GET US OFF BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

SUPPOSE THE REDS WANT TO TAKE OVER OUR BASE HERE? WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN TRICKING US INTO LEAVING SO THEY DON'T HAVE TO RISK BATTLING US FOR BLACKHAWK ISLAND?

ACH, YES! DOT MAKES GOOD SENSE!

THEY, AS IF TO BEAR OUT BLACKHAWK'S VERY WORDS...

A RED BOMBER! SEE? THEY REALIZED THEY CAN'T TRICK US INTO LEAVING, SO NOW THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO BLAST US OFF!

GET TO THOSE GUNS! START SLINGING THE ACK-ACK UP AT 'EM!

BY YIMINY! WE HIT IT RIGHT ON THE TAIL!

GREAT WORK, MEN! THAT'LL FORCE THE BOMBER DOWN FOR A LANDING!

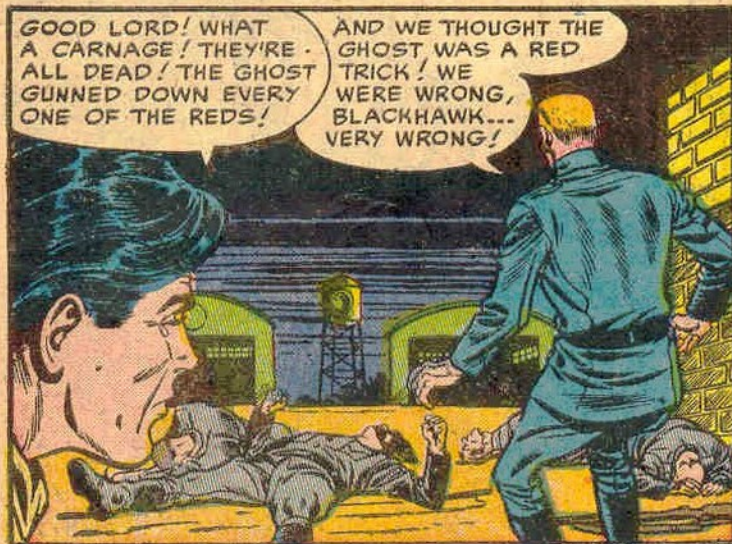
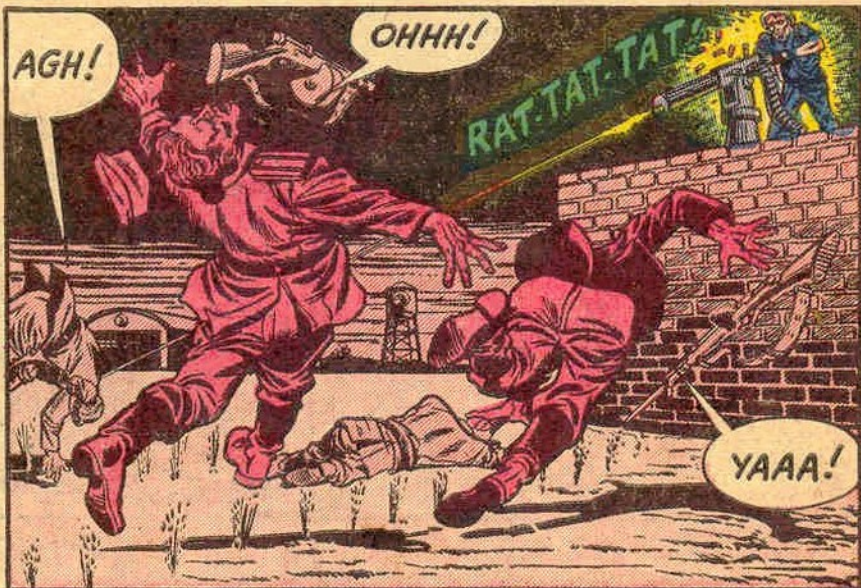
PARACHUTISTS! AND A LOT OF THEM! WE'RE DUE FOR SOME RUGGED FIGHTING NOW!

FIGHTING IS BLACKHAWK'S BUSINESS! AND BUSINESS IS VELY OKEY-DOKEY!

SOON, THE GREAT RALLYING CRY OF THE VALIANT FREEDOM-FIGHTERS REECHES ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

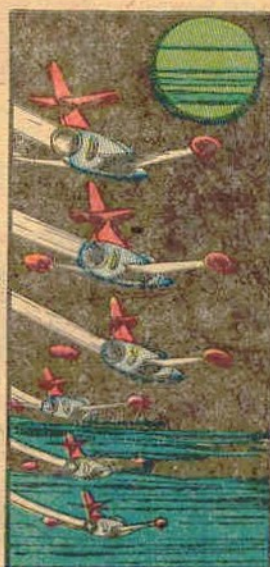
HAWKAAA!

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

SOON AFTER, SIX JETS HURTLE TOWARD THE HORIZON! THE BLACK-HAWKS HAVE GONE, LEAVING THE PHANTOM FIGURE IN POSSESSION OF BLACK-HAWK ISLAND!



NOW THAT THEY'RE GONE I CAN DO MY WORK WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THE BLACKHAWKS OVERHEARING THE SOUND OF MY DIGGING!



SOMETIME LATER... AT LONG LAST! HERE'S THE BOX... RIGHT WHERE I HID IT SO MANY YEARS AGO!

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE AFTER!



BLACKHAWK! BUT ALL YOUR PLANES... ALL SIX OF THEM FLEW AWAY!

I HAD CHOP CHOP FLY MY JET! I STAYED BEHIND TO SEE WHAT YOUR GAME WAS! NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AND SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

PETER VESTEY...THE INTERNATIONAL AGENT! WHAT'S YOUR GAME, VESTEY? TALK!

WHY NOT? THIS BOX CONTAINS PLANS OF A SECRET WEAPON! I STOLE THEM FROM A SCIENTIST I MURDERED MANY YEARS AGO!



AT THAT TIME THIS ISLAND WAS NOT YET CLAIMED BY YOU BLACKHAWKS! I HID THE BOX HERE FOR SAFEKEEPING...

I'M NO PATRIOT! I'LL SELL THE PLANS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, WHETHER IT BE A DEMOCRACY OR A FASCIST STATE!



'But IN EUROPE I WAS JAILED AS A SPY! LONG YEARS PASSED! ONE NIGHT I TALKED IN MY SLEEP! MY JAILOR OVERHEARD! HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY!'

AWAKE, NOW, EH, FOOL? YOU TALKED TOO MUCH! NOW THE PARTY WILL SEND RAIDERS TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND TO DIG UP THE BOX!

OHHH!



BLACKHAWK

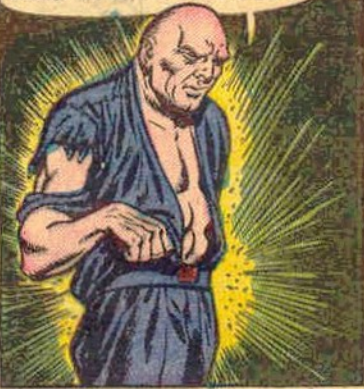
BUT I ESCAPED PRISON AND ARRIVED HERE FIRST, IN TIME TO KILL THEM ALL!

SO THAT'S WHY YOU MACHINE-GUNNED THE REDS! NOW HOW ABOUT EXPLAINING YOUR BULLET-PROOF STUNT!

I PLANNED THAT IN ADVANCE, BY MAKING THOSE GOUGES IN THE WALL BEFOREHAND! LATER I STOOD IN FRONT OF THOSE GOUGES AND GOADED YOU INTO SHOOTING! THE BULLETS FLATTENED AGAINST THE BULLET-PROOF GARB I WEAR UNDER THIS RUBBER "SKIN"!

I SEE! AND HOW ABOUT YOUR GLOWING COS-TUME?

IT IS TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL THAT GLOWS ONLY UNDER THE INVISIBLE RAYS OF INFRA-RED LIGHT! I SUPPLIED THE LIGHT WITH A TINY BUT POWERFUL BATTERY AND BULB IN MY BELT! SEE?



WHEN I SWITCHED OFF THE BULB, MY BLACK COSTUME BLENDED WITH THE NIGHT-BLACKNESS AND I "DISAPPEARED" --- LIKE THIS! HA! HA!

WHAT?

At THAT INSTANT, THE DAWN SUN'S EARLY RAYS DISPELL THE NIGHT-SHADOWS, REVEALING THE FURTIVE "GHOST"!



LIKE THE OLD SUPERSTITION SAYS, GHOSTS CAN'T STAND THE SUNLIGHT! IT COULDN'T BE TRUER IN YOUR CASE!



RELAX! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE SECRET PLANS! THEY'LL BE IN THE GOOD HANDS OF THE DEMOCRACIES FROM NOW ON!

CALLING ALL BLACKHAWKS! OUR STRATEGY WORKED! COME ON HOME! THE GHOST OF BLACKHAWK ISLAND JUST DIDN'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE!





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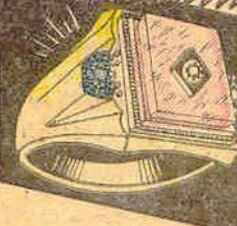
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